PS 3531
.A4 M8
1922
Copy 1

MUSIC

by

LLIAM KIMBERLEY PALMER

Librarian
of Congress
from
William Kimberley Palmer

Chicopee, Massachusetts
U. S. A.
1922 A. D.

g.E.m. Aug. 8/22
PS3531
A4M8
1922

In Memory

of

WILLIAM RANDALL PALMER

and

CLARA SKEELE PALMER

by

Their Son

MUSIC

Music: the language of all lands—
And heard upon the desert sands—
Upon the foaming, tossing brine,
In camp and court, in church divine;
The spirit of the ingleside—
The charm of life, the whole world wide.

THE PIANIST.

She played unto the khaki men
Upon the Armory Hill;
And the piano and the violin
I'm sure are sounding still,
In the memories of those earnest youth
Of bright and dauntless will.

THE HARMONY

The orchestra and the organ,
And the chorus with its spell,
Lifted us to another world—
To Heaven's high citadel;
And viol, harp and trumpet,
Rang through that sacred hall,
As the voices of hereafter—
Did clearly, gladly call.

JUN 12 1922

THE CHIMES.

The chimes rang from the stately tower,
And far and wide the message went,
For they spoke of Paradise, with power;
Of everlasting peace—content.

NORDICA.

What a voice! What a charm!
And in many a reverie
Once again thy form I see
Thou—now safe from any harm—
What a face! What an arm!
Lovely Queen of Harmony!

WHEN HELEN SANG.

When Helen sang
The air was sweet
With tones that rang
To ban defeat;
And hope and joy
In harmony
Did then up-buoy
On Life's deep sea—
When Helen sang.

THE CALL OF THE SEA.

The salt tides rise, and the salt tides fall,
And the ships sail in from the sea;
Some day when the foaming billows call,
I will launch for eternity.

WHEN ALICE PLAYS

When Alice plays the violin
Then woodland elves their songs begin;
And echoes of the days of Eld,
Float down the strings by Alice held.
When Alice plays the violin,
And with deft touch doth move the bow,
She summons back "the long ago",
And fills the air with merry din.
Then faces vanished long return,
And childhood's voices we discern.
The scenes and songs of Arcady,
Come back as from Eternity.
Our eyes are filled with sudden tears,
Our souls are thrilled for coming years;
And rapt in reverie, we roam,
Afar in lands beyond the foam;
We lift our voices all, and praise
When Alice plays.

WERRENRATH

What a voice hath
Werrenrath!
What a modesty of mien
Bright, serene!
He can satisfy and thrill,
He can hold you at his will,
Artist, man and soul,
How those golden tones roll,
And in memory doth stay
Many a day.

GALLI-CURCI.

Said my sister unto me:
"Surely peerless Galli-Curci
Is the voice of harmony!
And she floats
With her notes,
On the sea of melody."

And my niece did add this word:
"Her voice is like a bird,
With each crystal tone
Impearled,
As the world,
Galli-Curci doth enthrone."

THE SINGER.

(Katherine Lee Bates)

She wrote a song of chivalry!
Of Fatherland and home!
Of liberty and courage true,
That echoes 'neath the dome
Of the azure vault above us,
Where the stars eternal roam.

THE TWILIGHT SONG.

Adown the mystic, wondrous years,
Clear as the music of the spheres,
A child—the mother's night song hears.

Silent that voice on earth for aye,
Yet in the memory doth stay,
The sweetness of that song alway.

CARUSO.

Clear ringing voice that moveth young and old
Art thou a part of that great harmony
Rune of the stars, and of the tossing sea,
Under the depthless azure we behold?
Singing on earth, ere thou shalt take thy place
On some Olympian height of art and grace.

MUSIC ETERNE.

Her fingers strayed across the keys,
And echoes from Hesperides
Come calling o'er the swelling seas,
When played Louise.

The voice of many a singing bird,
From distant dells was clearly heard,
And the impassioned lover's word
Spoken beneath the spreading trees.

Her form was covered o'er with flowers,
In mid-summer's twilight hours;
Yet memory still the rich past dowers
With thoughts that please.

For never dies a song away,
But in the Universe doth stay,
And eons hence will thrill and sway,
Though disappear the stars and seas.

CLIFFORD, THE COMPOSER

In the Isle of Sicily
Lives this soul benign—
Many a lovely harmony
Hath this friend of mine,
Given to lift the souls of men,
And to widen human ken.

CARUSO.

An August morn
Caruso died,
Whose voice the wide world satisfied.
We are forlorn—
Yet Heaven hath won,
Another great distinguished son.

THE ETERNAL SONG.

Through all the universe
The stars rehearse
His praise
The Ancient One of Days.

And every race and every clime,
Join in the homage so sublime;
And dear unto the Deity,
Each tone in the great Harmony.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 018 348 717 6